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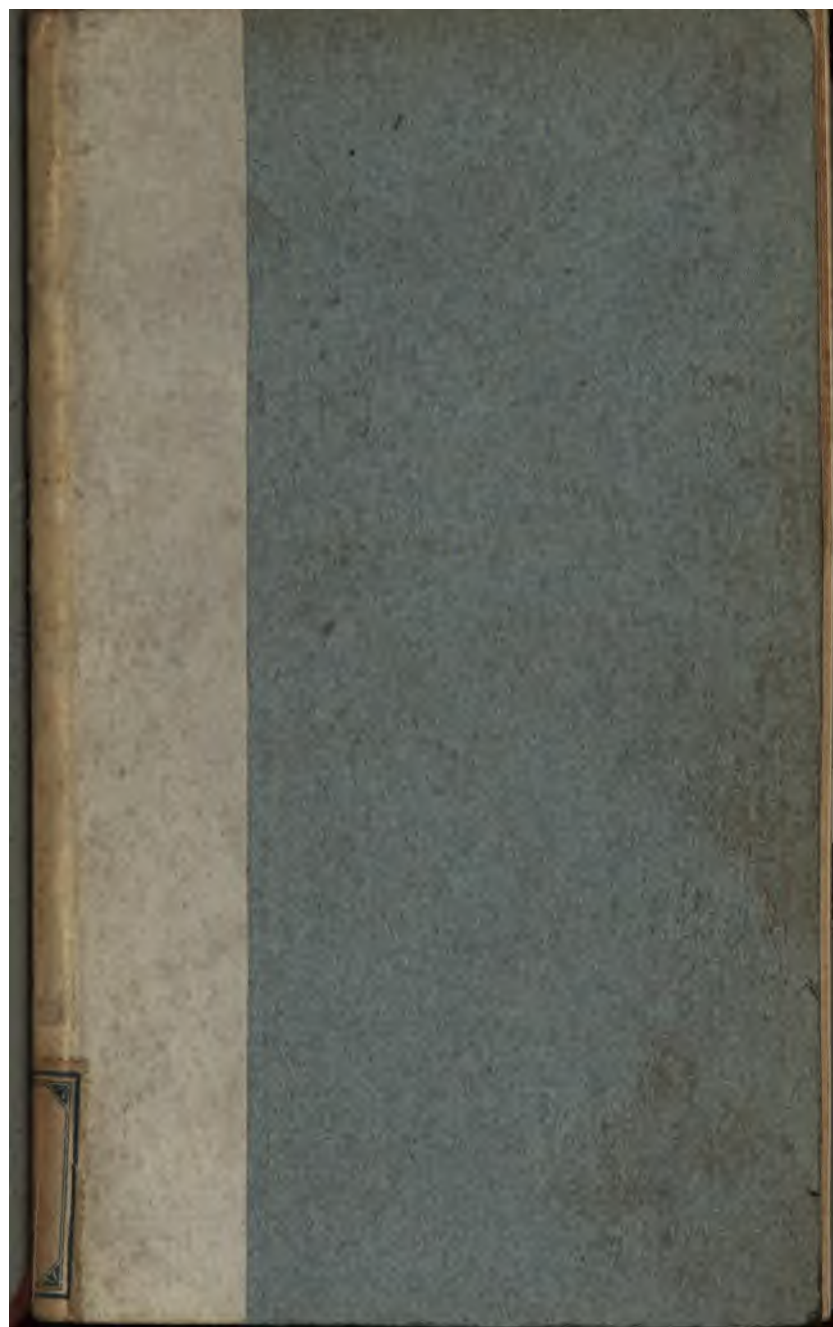
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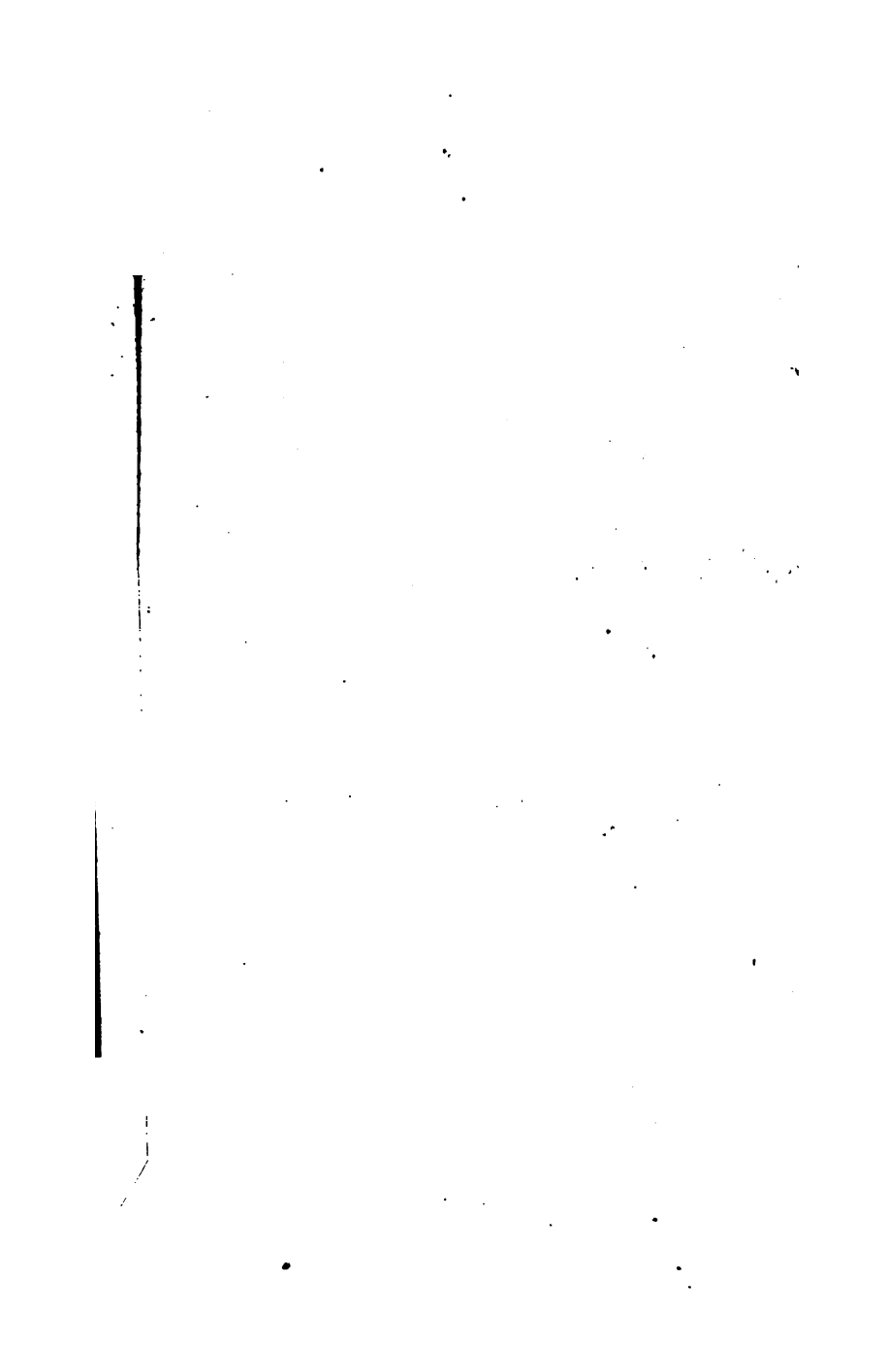




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# Life of President Garfield.



*Twentieth President of the United States.*

*Price Sixpence. 510 6 52*



1875





**JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.**

**Born November 19, 1831; Died September 19, 1881.**

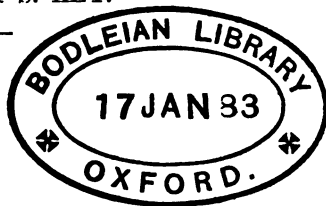
**LIFE AND WORKS**  
**OF**  
**PRESIDENT GARFIELD,**

**WITH AN**  
**ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAGIC DEATH.**

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**By WILLIAM S. KEY.**

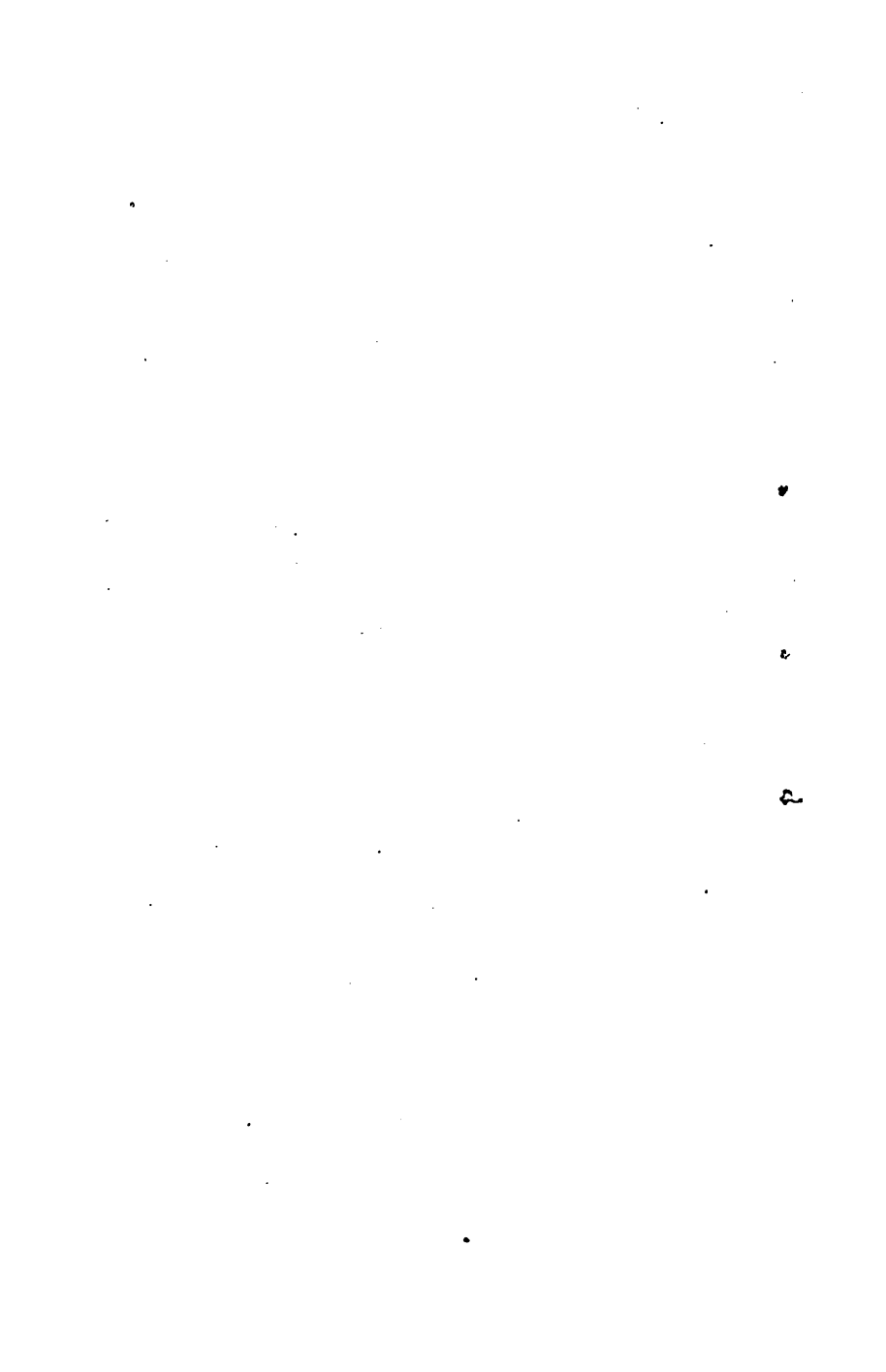
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## PREFACE.

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THE facts recorded in the following pages have been published to the world through the medium of far more important and influential works than this little book can ever be ; but it has been thought a concise account of the eventful life of a brave and good man might be interesting and useful to many who would never be likely to have an opportunity of reading a fuller account than this is.

One of the most fascinating volumes about our hero is *From Log Cabin to White House*, which, together with other records, has been consulted and quoted.

W. S. KEY.

February, 1882.



Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire ?

Tennyson's  
In Memoriam.



## LIFE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

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**I**N the great Republic of the West, whose limits extend from the shores of the Atlantic across an entire Continent to the Pacific, now known to the world as the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, there have existed during the last century some of the finest men history has ever known. As statesmen and soldiers many of them have so distinguished themselves as to be entitled to places on the roll of historic fame. Those who are familiar with the story of the Pilgrim Fathers—how they fled from England in quest of religious freedom, and founded what is now well known as AMERICA, will not be greatly surprised at the foregoing estimate of the great Republic and her most illustrious sons; for it will be remembered that English blood runs in their veins; that the physical and mental robustness of the Anglo-Saxon, together with the dogged determination and power of endurance characteristic of every true Briton, are the secrets of their success.

When there have been so many men entitled to praise and admiration, it becomes somewhat difficult to single out the best; and yet, whenever and howsoever often the history of the United States may be written, notwithstanding the well-merited praise won on every hand by many an illustrious American, say of the present generation, the laurel wreath distinguishing the greatest of all, will ever encircle the brow of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the President, who lives to-day in the hearts of his countrymen as vividly—whose memory is engraven as deeply

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with nature was indeed, a hard one, for his years were well nigh spent and his strength was almost wasted, before fortune seemed really to smile upon his efforts.

He had foreseen the inevitable break up of his constitution which was coming, and, after passing through a particularly rainy and trying season, the conviction was forced upon him that he was no longer equal to the battle of life ; but he struggled on manfully for the sake of his wife and his boys, of whom he had already three, while on November 19, in the year to which we allude—1831—another boy was born to him, who was christened JAMES ABRAHAM, the subject of this memoir.

Before the young Abraham was two years old, his father died. The event which brought about his death was this : When his corn was in the ear, the neighbouring woods caught fire, and threatened to destroy the ripening crop. Mr. Garfield, by great exertion threw up a dyke of fresh earth between the corn and the fire. His crop was saved, but the farmer, overheated and wearied, became chilled while returning to his hut, and died of inflammation of the throat.

His widow, a religious woman and wonderfully industrious, determined to carry on the small farm herself with the assistance of her elder sons. The farm stock was not extensive, consisting of one horse, one cow, and several pigs, but kind neighbours assisted the widow occasionally, and she managed to hold on bravely until her boys had grown to manhood, and even the youngest was able to take his full share in the farm work.

At the time of her husband's death, Mrs. Garfield had two sons and two daughters, and passed through extra-

ordinary struggles and privations. While working the farm she also contrived to make all her childrens' clothing with her own hands, and clothed the children of a neighbouring shoemaker, who, in return, made boots for her little ones. In the winter when they could not labour in the fields, the children went to school. President Garfield told one of his biographers that at from three to ten years of age he attended school daily; but after ten he worked in the summer on the farm.

He gained his first prize at the age of four. It was a copy of the New Testament given to the best reader in the primary class. He eagerly read all his mother's scanty stock of books, learnt to recite by heart almost the whole of the "English Reader," borrowed "Robinson Crusoe," "Josephus," "Goodrich's History of the United States," and Pollok's beautiful poem on the "Course of Time." But his favorite work in Josephus was "The Wars of the Jews" and he is said never to have been tired of poring over accounts of battles and adventures by sea and land, tales of bold buccaneers, of Algiers, and the Spanish Main.

Much later in life, when he had become a distinguished member of Congress, he said "I tell you I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than be anything else on this earth; the sight of a ship still fills me with a strange fascination." As a boy he was a powerfully built fellow, and a great fighter, and was consumed by a burning desire to go to sea.

At the age of fifteen, the future President began to feel it was time he began to think of his career in the world, and was set to learn the trade of a carpenter, but for some reason or other he did not take kindly to that.



occupation, so gave it up. He had, however, been at work on a tract of high woodland which commanded a view of the blue waters of Lake Erie and the shipping in the port of Cleveland. With his boyish love of nautical adventure freshly stimulated, he walked to Cleveland, and went on board a schooner lying at the quay to ask for employment. Fortunately for young Garfield the schooner reeked with unsavoury smells, the Skipper reeled up on deck drunk, and frightened the lad away with a volley of oaths. An hour later he had engaged with a cousin to drive the mules which towed his canal boat.

After his first "all round" voyage between Cleveland and Pittsburg, he was promoted to the post of bowsman, and flattered himself that at length he was beginning to learn the science of navigation. At this time he had a successful fight, which became famous in the Presidential contest, with an older Bargee named "Daw," but Garfield lost his money in the water, dived after it, felt the "ague-cake" in his side, and after three months on the canal was carried to his mother's home in Orange, delirious with malarial fever.

For five long weary months he lingered, his mother nursing him with every care, and in the course of that illness and convalescence she planted in his mind the seeds of a nobler ambition. Previous to his illness the youth felt an overpowering desire to assist his widowed mother, and whenever he was away on his journeys it was his practice to send home, from time to time, twenty-five dollars for his mother's benefit. This twenty-five dollars formed, however, no portion of his wages as a canal man, but were earned by employment which he obtained as a wood chopper while the boat was in dock.

A hundred cords was the amount of wood he must chop before he could receive his remuneration, and the labour was so great that he sometimes had to work eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, with but short intervals for meals, to get through it. With all a mother's pride in and fondness for her youngest offspring, Mrs. Garfield, while joyfully showing her son's letters to her scattered neighbours, treasured his remittances, and placed the money by for his future advantage. His letters home were very clumsily written, and displayed great want of a systematic education, but withal were overflowing with true piety and love for his mother. But his frequent visits to Cleveland were productive for him of something even better than the assistance which he was enabled to send home, for it was here that he was first inspired with a desire to supply the defects of a neglected education.

The schoolmaster in the village where Mrs. Garfield lived urged the boy on by his advice, and with seventeen dollars in his pocket, which his mother and brother Thomas, now a farmer in Michigan, gave him, James Garfield walked to Geauga Seminary, fourteen miles away, and began the study of classics and mathematics. He had now reached the age of eighteen. An insatiable thirst for study came upon him, he read the whole library of the Academy, took first place in all his classes, and even in the vacations divided his time between teaching children at their homes, and earning a few dollars as an extra harvest hand on some farm in the state of Ohio. At Geauga Seminary he joined the Campbellites, or "Disciples of Christ," who, while they believe in the New Testament, protest against imposing as a condition of

Church membership, any human formula of Divine truth.

The ministers and elders of this religious community were trained at Hiram, a village thirty miles from Cleveland; there he became a student and then a teacher; and it is to this period of his life that the story is ascribed of his being so poor that he had to lie in bed while his one suit of clothes was mended. When he betrayed his vexation, "You should not care about such small matters as that," said the landlady, who gave him board and lodging in exchange for the tuition of her children, "you will forget all about that when you come to be President."

We know not whether there is truth in the story told by Professor S. Brainerd, for many years Principal examiner in the United States Patent Office, respecting young Garfield's first entrance upon the path of educational progress, but at any rate the story is too good to be omitted here. Professor Brainerd, who, at the time to which he refers, was a teacher of "Object Lessons" in the public schools of Cleveland, was upon one occasion giving a public lecture and endeavouring to illustrate the advantages of education and industry under the free institutions of the United States. By way of illustration he picked out from a crowd of youths a "bare-footed, tow-headed fellow," remarking, "This boy, if he will only devote himself to study and take advantage of his opportunities, may yet be President of the United States." The "boy" seemed to be more struck by the remark than any other of the audience, and soon after the lecture he presented himself as a pupil. "That 'boy,'" said Professor Brainerd, when relating the story, "is now General Garfield."

A temporary attack of illness compelled him at this time to relinquish his studies and return home, where for three months he lay on a bed of sickness, suffering from ague and fever. A new schoolmaster just settled in the village from the high school of the neighbouring town of Chester, made his acquaintance, and, recognising young Garfield's abilities, talked with him when he became convalescent, and urged him to begin a regular course of education. When completely restored to health, he, in company with his cousin and another friend, went to Chester and entered the Academy there. The money he had remitted to his mother while engaged on the Ohio canal, amounting to seventy-five dollars, she handed over to him when he took his leave of her, with the remark that they were his own, accompanying them with the fervent prayer that God would bless and prosper him.

It was in the spring of 1849 that the three young men, carrying with them their frying-pans and dishes as well as their few school-books, started from their home in the backwoods for the town of Chester. Taking with them a single-barrelled gun, they were enabled to sustain themselves on the road by shooting the game which crossed their path, and when they arrived at Chester they set about making provision for their material wants while at the academy. Being too poor to become boarders at any of the establishments in the town they were compelled to board themselves. So renting a room in an old unpainted frame house, near the academy, they proceeded to furnish their home. Their bed was made of refuse flax, while their coverlet was a horse-rug, their whole surrounding being of the same Spartan-like character. For some weeks young Garfield attended the academy

regularly, and when he had made some little progress in his classes obtained employment at his original trade among the carpenters of the place. Thus working at the bench mornings and evenings and on Saturdays, he earned enough to pay his way. The desire for knowledge, meanwhile, had grown upon him, and he determined to acquire all the education that it was possible for him to attain, and, above all things, to become a scholar.

With this definite purpose in view, he shaped all his exertions to one end. He had studied algebra, English grammar, natural philosophy, and arithmetic, but he now determined to give his studies a wider range; and with this object in view set himself steadily to the attainment of his purpose. Years afterwards he wrote: "It is a great point gained when, in our hurrying times, a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work." How steadily he devoted himself to the attainment of his definite work, those who were about him at this time bear willing witness. During the summer vacation he laboured strenuously at the carpenter's bench, and surely the labour of man's hands was never more blessed than in his case. Thus, when the "fall" term opened he had money enough laid by to pay his tuition fees, and by the end of the term had made such progress that he was able in the winter to undertake the teaching of a district school.

In this manner, he worked steadily on for a few years. Season succeeded season, and, by very careful management, the resolute student made the fruits of his winter labours sufficient to pay the necessary expenses for the "spring" and "fall" terms at the academy.

But he still laboured on at the carpenter's bench, helping to roof and weather-board houses nearly adjoining the academy where he studied. By this means he sought to save sufficient funds for providing the necessaries while passing through a college course; for the quondam canal-boat boy, having "a definite purpose in view," had determined to finish his education at one of the colleges of his native country.

The Academy at Chester having now become too narrow for him, he made the last change of residence which took place before entering on his college career; he removed to the town of Hiram, where he attended the Eclectic Institute, and, devoting himself to the perfecting of his Greek and Latin studies, became the finest scholar in those languages the Institute had ever housed within its walls. At last, by the summer of 1854, he had got as far as the high schools, academies, and eclectic institutes of his native region could take him, and he now only required necessary means to launch forth upon his college course.

Garfield was now in his twenty-third year, strong and robust in health, and with a firm faith in himself. The world was all before him, but he still lacked about one-half the sum he considered necessary for his collegiate expenses. To obtain the sum of money required GARFIELD insured his life, and a friend advanced him on the security of the policy enough to relieve him from any anxiety on the score of pecuniary troubles. In the autumn of 1854 he entered William's College, advancing step by step from the junior class to that of "optimist;" and, after his two years' course was completed, graduated in 1856 with the highest honours in metaphysics, and very high rank in

Greek and Latin. Although during his University days he was undoubtedly a prodigious student, he was also a leader in all athletic exercises ; and if on his first entrance he was made to feel his social inferiority to his fellow-students, he soon conquered their latent hostility, and before he left had become a universal favourite.

William's College was at that time one of the places of learning in most repute in New England, and had as its president the venerable Mark Hopkins. His estimate of Garfield's character, abilities, and experience of his college days has since been put on record by President Hopkins. A class mate also about that time wrote of him : " Garfield's greatness was to our young eyes enigmatical, but it was real. There was a good deal of him in body, soul, and spirit."

Young Garfield had now plenty of learning and a diploma any man might have been proud of, yet his possessions both of clothes and books were very scanty, moreover he was burdened with a debt of four hundred and fifty dollars. Nothing daunted, however, he worked bravely on, and after two years' study he accepted the office of Professor of Ancient Languages and English Literature in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram. The following year he became President of the Institute, and retained that position until 1861.

Of this portion of his career, Captain F. H. Mason, who was a student under him and afterwards an officer of his staff, has written :

" No one of the three hundred students who formed the classes at that time, will forget the rich privilege which they enjoyed in hearing the morning lectures of President Garfield in the chapel. There was first the assembly,

then prayers, and a chapter read from the Bible, and for the remainder of the morning hour an extemporaneous address by the Principal. Sometimes it was upon a topic chosen from the lessons of the day, oftener it was upon some fresh event in politics, science, or literature. One morning he read "The Three Fishers" by Charles Kingsley, which had just appeared in an English magazine: anon a new idyll by Tennyson would constitute an enchanting theme; and once the text was a newspaper paragraph relating the tragic fate of Hugh Miller, the lesson of whose noble life was set forth in words of eloquent and impressive eulogy."

Garfield would sometimes lecture to his students on subjects which may be entitled the "Moralties of Life" including "Manners," "Elements of Success," etc. On one occasion his subject was "The Turning point of Life," and in the course of his remarks he used a very striking illustration. Its application being so forcible and true, so universal in its bearing upon the foundation of character that we give it in full, in the hope that it may impress many a youthful reader with the necessity of exercising care while their character is being formed:—

"The comb of the roof at the court-house at Ravenna (capital of Portage county, in which was situated the town of Hiram where Garfield lived) divides the drops of rain, sending those that fall on the south side to the Gulf of Mexico, and those on the opposite side into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so that a mere breath of air, or the flutter of a bird's wing, may determine their destiny. It is so with our lives, my young friends. A passing event, perhaps of trifling importance, in your view, the



choice of a book or companion, a stirring thought, a right resolve, the associations of an hour, may prove the turning point of your lives."

Another, who knew him well, has also written the following appreciative account of his illustrious friend, noticing his striking personality and his extraordinary capacity for, and love of, literary pursuits:—

"Mr. Garfield was more than six feet in height, with broad shoulders, a massive head, and a robust, muscular frame. He began labour in his youth. In his temperate and well-ordered existence, the only form of dissipation was in long vigils over his books. Reading was his great passion and relaxation. He consoled himself for hard work as chairman of appropriations by studying the loves of Pericles and Aspasia, and comparing them with those of Abelard and Heloise. 'Pickwick' he often began, but never finished, because he wished to keep some part of it fresh and untouched for the future. Throughout the war he carried 'Horace' in his pocket; and in his recently-published correspondence are long letters written from the scene of military operations discussing minute shades of construction in the poet who left his shield behind him. He learnt French while in Congress to study the financial history of the *assignats*, &c., and was a tireless student of English etymology."

Quite recently, too, a work has been published, containing a collection of General Garfield's maxims, rules of conduct, and judgments on society, from which we quote the following, having its complete fulfilment in the author's lamentable end:—"I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong."

From the foregoing opinions and others we have read,

bearing on the academical phase of his life and work, it would appear that President Garfield was a most successful teacher, and succeeded in imparting to his pupils some of his own irresistible energy, as well as in attracting their esteem and admiration. He was also a popular preacher at that time in the Churches of the "Disciples," and on one occasion engaged in a public controversy with a lecturer who endeavoured to overthrow the Bible with the weapons furnished by the revelations of geology.

As a Christian man, his influence was great and inspiring. Not only did he often preach in the Disciple's Church at Hiram, but at one time he preached regularly at Solon and Newburgh, whither he would go on Saturday night, returning on Monday morning. Going to preach and to lecture in most of the towns of the county soon made known the school over which he presided, and ere long made it popular.

With his pupils he always insisted on their observance of the very highest standard of moral conduct.

At the chapel services which he conducted, his favorite hymn was—"Ho! reapers of Life's harvest," etc., the singing of which he much enjoyed and he heartily assisted in. The students often sung this hymn at their morning devotions. He allowed them to sit until they came to the last verse, when he would rap upon the desk, with his knuckles, and all would stand while the last verse was sung.

Prosperity now smiled upon him: his debt was soon cancelled, the future began to look bright before him. In 1857 Garfield married, the lady of his choice being Miss Lucretia Rudolph, the daughter of a farmer, and fellow student with her husband in his early struggles to

obtain education. By this lady, who is endowed with great intellectual powers and strength of character, he had seven children, five of whom survive.



MRS. GARFIELD

The time soon came when James Garfield was compelled by his sense of social and civil duty, and by the urgent call of his neighbours, who recognised his superior ability, to take a leading part in the politics of the day. He had, in some college debates and other local discussions, spoken strongly against slavery ; and when he was a young man of five-and-twenty, he made a few speeches in favour of Colonel Fremont, the " Free Soil" candidate,

which brought him into prominent notice amongst Ohio politicians. In 1860 he was asked to stand as a candidate for a vacancy in the State Senate. The honour was unsought by him, and he declined to accept it unless the Trustees of Hiram Institute thought that he could discharge the senatorial duties without damage to his scholastic work. They encouraged him to go forward, and thus, while still a young man, Garfield became a State Senator. In the Senate Chamber, his copious flow of language, to which his thorough study of the Greek and Latin classics had given strength and purity, made him an orator of no mean standing. Though the youngest member of the Senate, he took his place at the head of the Radical Republican wing as one of the "Radical Triumvirate," the other members of whom were Senator J. D. Cox (afterwards Governor of Ohio and Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Grant,) and Professor James Monroe, of the Oberlin College, member of Congress. The election of Abraham Lincoln had been accepted by the leaders of the Pro-Slavery party as the signal for secession. They soon declared it to be their intention to withdraw from the Union, and the question of the hour in every Chamber of Legislature in the North then became whether they should be compelled to remain.

In January, 1861, a bill was brought forward in the Ohio Senate, for providing the means wherewith to raise 6,000 militia. The introduction of the bill led to a spirited discussion, and in that debate Senator Garfield boldly declared his opinions, and asserted his position, which he ever afterwards adhered to. The supporters of the vote were stigmatised as Coercionists. "If by

'coercion' it was meant," said he, "that the Government should enforce the laws, by whomsoever violated; should protect the property and flag of the Union; should punish traitors to the Constitution, whether they were ten men or ten thousand; then he was a coercionist. Every man," said Garfield, "was a coercionist or a traitor."

He opposed all ideas of compromise, and when the Civil War broke out in April, 1861, he moved that Ohio should raise 20,000 men for the first campaign. The discussion on the militia bill took place in January, 1861. In April, the Southerners cannonaded Fort Sumter; in July the Northern volunteers fled at Bull's Run. Seven days later Senator Garfield accepted an appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment then forming at Camp Chase, near Columbus, the capital of Ohio. In a few days he was commissioned as Colonel to organize a new regiment, the 42nd Ohio infantry. Within a week a hundred students from Hiram College enlisted as a company in the regiment of their beloved President, and before the 20th of August the full number of the regiment was completed. The Colonel read up tactics and strategy as he had worked for his degree at college. While the men were drilled and marched during long hours of service, and set to read their manuals, he was learning the theory of the operations of war, the relative functions of the various arms—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and the mysteries of transport and commissariat.

He established a school at which the subordinate officers studied camp and picket duty, company and battalion tactics, and the cooking of rations in the field. In three months' time the regiment was ordered to Cin-

cinnati to join in confronting the Confederate force of 5,000 men under Humphrey Marshall.

General Buell gave Colonel Garfield one night to submit a plan of attack, accepted it from the untried but confident officer (who was said to have drawn it up in the small hours of night, with the aid of a map and a census report), and despatched him with his regiment to East Kentucky, where, in conjunction with three other regiments of infantry and a battalion of cavalry, he there defeated Marshall.

The battle was fought at Middle Creek, Garfield attacking with 1,400 men, General Marshall having 1,600 engaged.

The result of the attack was that Marshall had to retire, and fell back to a spot seven miles off, where he remained two days, and then slowly pursued his retreat. Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," records the foregoing facts, and adds, that the firing was kept up with intervals for about four hours, and was occasionally very sharp and spirited. This battle was claimed by the historian of the 42nd regiment as the first substantial victory won on the Northern side during the war. On Jan. 11th following, Garfield won another success at Prestonburg, for which he was made a Brigadier-General. A few weeks later he attacked the enemy at Pound Gap, destroyed their camp, and inflicted severe loss upon them; and at the important battle of Shiloh (April 6th, 1862), also known as the battle of Pittsburg, he commanded the 20th brigade, and did such good service that he was soon after made chief of the staff to General Rosencranz. Later, at Chickamauga, the Federals and General Garfield himself suffered

a severe defeat; yet, though defeated, Garfield was not disgraced, for his pluck and daring upon this occasion obtained him nomination as a Major-General "for gallant and meritorious service on the field of battle," and with this rank the general's military career shortly after came to an end.

During his absence at the seat of war, his native district had, in October, 1862, elected him to Congress, it being this election, and the advice of President Lincoln, which caused him to resign his commission. He continued to sit as a representative until he was returned as a senator by his native state. To congress he had been returned over and over again by such heavy votes that he became commonly known as "Great Majority Garfield."

Doubtless, had Garfield remained in the army, he would have eventually become one of Sherman's foremost lieutenants. President Lincoln, however, had a strong desire that there should be in the House of Representatives a practical soldier, able to speak with the authority of experience upon military questions. As we have seen above, he was elected by his native district, during his absence at the seat of war, and when he was little more than thirty years of age. In the tribune he distinguished himself quite as much as he had done at the teacher's desk and in the army. The speech he delivered in denunciation of the proposal of a compromise made by a member from Ohio, was a striking piece of invective.

At Washington, during the recesses from his arduous duties as a member of Congress, Garfield continued the habits of severe study which he had maintained since boyhood. Once, indeed, when visited in Washington and found surrounded with a huge pile of books, he explained

to his visitor that he was obtaining recreation and rest by learning all the Congressional Library could yield about Horace, and the various editions and translations of his poems. This habit of intense study caused him to be considered by some people too bookish for his practical work ; but such cavillers little knew him, for he proved to be one of the highest authorities on all practical questions of economy and finance, one of the most formidable and uncompromising of all the adversaries of inflation, greenbacks, and the debasement of the metallic currency.

The erroneous opinions thus formed of this worthy man's capacity for business were in line with the opinion formed of him by General Rosencranz, in February, 1863, when Garfield joined him at Munfreesboro, for the former afterwards wrote of him :—

“ When Garfield arrived, I must confess I had a prejudice against him, as I understood he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that cast I was naturally opposed to. I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honour.”

During the next few years, after he had taken his seat in Congress, Garfield grew constantly in the respect not only of his own party, but of large numbers who held aloof from politics, and, though he was a staunch party man, yet his name was never associated with the discreditable party tricks and manœuvres which have so greatly affected American politicians on both sides, for as we have already stated, he was “ one of the most formidable and uncompromising of all the adversaries” of political chicanery and wrong.



General Garfield represented in Congress a district in the extreme north-east of Ohio, forming part of the "Western Reserve," so called because it was ceded in the early days of American history to the Connecticut Land Company, and peopled by a chosen company from New England, whose descendants have there reproduced the sober, reading, thinking, praying life of the old Atlantic States. He was only twenty-eight years of age when he succeeded to the representation of this community, his predecessor being Joshua Giddings, a man who for nearly a quarter of a century had been one of the leading statesmen of America. On taking his seat, Garfield was naturally appointed on the committee of Military Affairs, and from the chairmanship of this committee he passed to the head of the committee on Banking and Currency. Subsequently he was a member of the committee of the Ninth Census, which prepared one of the most valuable works of statistical reference ever contributed to the history of a people. In 1872, he was promoted to the chair of the Committee of Appropriations, which superintends the entire expenditure of the United States Government.

During his four years' presidency over this committee, an immense amount of labour and the very greatest responsibilities devolved upon General Garfield, the result of which was an enormous saving of money to the country, and a much more economical though efficient administration of State Affairs.

Notwithstanding that his extraordinary capacity for business placed him in the very fore-front of American Statesmen, he never hesitated in the House itself to uphold the rights of the emancipated negroes, and resisted every

attempt to place them upon a lower level than the white citizens of the Republic. He was accused, indeed, by some, of undue severity towards the conquered South.

On questions of a purely financial nature, he took a resolute stand upon sound commercial principles, and it was by his adhesion to this policy on these matters that he became involved in a very serious dispute with Senator Conkling, over the appointment of New York Collector, a position said to be worth £20,000 a year. To the "Stalwart" or Conkling party, GUITEAU, the assassin, who took President GARFIELD's life, proclaimed himself as belonging, when apprehended after his dastardly attack.

In all the great questions affecting the well-being of the great Republic, GARFIELD took a leading part, and his opinion was of great weight. On the subject of free trade, he held an opinion which is summed up in the following expression he uttered at college in his early days:—"That, as an abstract theory, the doctrine of free trade seemed to be universally true; but as a question of practicability in a country like the United States, the protective duty seemed to be indispensable." Later, however, he said in Congress, "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free trade;" and he explained this further by saying that duties should be high enough to enable the home manufacturers to compete with the foreigner, but not to drive him out of the markets altogether, and so establish a monopoly.

In the 45th Congress, GARFIELD was the recognised leader of the Republican party; and with great boldness, judgment, and eloquence, he opposed the Democratic majority of the House. It was at the request of President Hayes he accepted this post of honour, and after holding

it for two years, he was elected by a unanimous vote of the Republican Delegates for the State of Ohio to a seat in the Senate. Before taking his seat, however, the Republican Convention was held, and he became a candidate for the Presidency.

He was chosen on the ground that he divided the party the least, and his powerful oratory had probably some effect in the selection. He had fine command of persuasive utterance, which had been exhibited in the courts, where he held his first important brief as a lawyer in 1868, having studied law during his hours of leisure in the field during the Civil War.

Ever since the first election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in 1860, the Republican party had been always able to return its candidate for the Presidency. In 1880, as the term of President Hayes approached its termination, the Republican party was split into two sections, the one led by Ex-Senator Conkling being in favour of the re-election of President Grant for a third time, the other favouring the pretensions of Senator Blaine. It happened when the National Convention met, as has often happened before, that the rival sections were alike unable to carry their favourite, and that after several ineffective ballots, they agreed to unite their suffrages for a third candidate.

GARFIELD, who at the first ballot had only one vote, at a subsequent ballot secured fifty, and then by a sudden movement he received support from a large number of the former supporters of Grant and Blaine, and was at last accepted as the Republican candidate by a unanimous and enthusiastic vote.

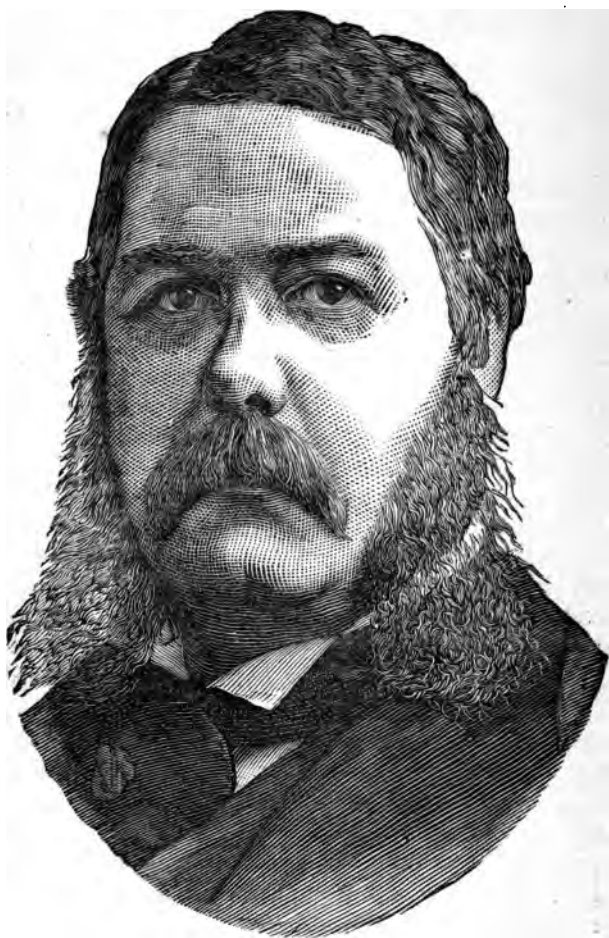
GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR was accepted as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, in order that Conk-

ling's section might be consoled for their disappointment. The result of the Presidential election was largely determined by the vote of New York State, which to the great surprise of many, declared itself in favour of General Garfield, the Republican, by the large majority of 20,000. Garfield was thereupon elected with 219 votes against 185 given to his Democratic opponent General Hancock.

The Installation of General Garfield, as President of the United States of America, at the Capitol, in the city of Washington, on March 4th, of the following year, was witnessed by many thousands of citizens and others. His wife and aged mother, with the rest of his family, sat close behind him on the platform in the open air, in front of the stately edifice, where General Garfield, with the retiring President, Mr. Rutherford Hayes, and with Chief Justice Waite, and Senator Pendleton, all men of Ohio, were seated together.

Beyond, there were Vice-President Arthur, Speaker Randall, Secretary Evarts, the Supreme Court Judges, and the Representatives. President Garfield read his inaugural address slowly and effectively, and was frequently applauded. When he had concluded he turned to Chief Justice Waite, and said "I am now prepared to take the Oath." The Chief Justice was attended by the Clerk of the Supreme Court, carrying a bible. Rising, he tendered the book to the President-elect, and administered the customary oath. General Garfield kissed the page, bowed to the Chief Justice, and then reverently kissed his mother and wife, after which he received the congratulations of his friends.

His inaugural address commenced with a review of the progress of the nation in the first hundred years of



**PRESIDENT ARTHUR.**

**Vice-President, and successor to General Garfield.**

its life, and then dealt with:— “The preservation of liberty and good government;” “The supremacy of the nation and its laws no longer a subject of debate;” “The elevation of the negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship;” “The dangers to the nation of illiterate voters, and the great need of education;” and other very important topics. The whole produced a most marked impression on the country generally.

General GARFIELD was elected President in November 1880, but he did not enter upon his duties, as we have seen, until March 4th, of the next year. So soon as he had assumed the functions of his exalted office, he proved his intention to care more for uprightness and purity of administration than for party interests, and resisted the importunities of venal intriguers and place hunters. His brief rule proved that it was no mere idle boast, when he declared, “I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.”

The new President's upright conduct appears to have brought upon him the malignant enmity of the venal intriguers and place hunters. A notorious division also took place amongst the Republican party men, in consequence of his determined opposition to the corrupt use of official patronage. It had become a custom for the “bosses” or managers of the party, to claim, in each State where they gained a victory, the privilege of disposing of the “spoils,” which meant, in the State of New York alone, salaries to the amount of a million and a half of dollars in the custom's department alone.

A practice, not sanctioned by the Constitution, allowed the Senators of the victorious party in each State, to fill all the government offices, small and great, with their

own personal adherents. In pursuance of this practice, Mr. Conkling, who represented New York State, nominated certain gentlemen to various offices, but they were opposed in the Senate, and President Garfield refused to endorse them, whereupon Mr. Conkling resigned his seat, and sought re-election with the aid of the Democratic party, but failed to win his seat again.

The Vice-President, General Arthur, was put forward as a rival to Garfield, by the disaffected section of the Republican party. They gave themselves the name of "Stalwarts," and affected to renounce President Garfield as a "Trimmer."

One of the base and venal hangers-on of the "Stalwart" party was CHARLES JAMES GUTEAU, a man of forty years of age, a native of Illinois, living in Chicago, an attorney by profession, of French-Canadian lineage. He had taken a prominent part amongst the Republicans in the Western States, and had subsequently tried to get for himself the appointment of American Consul at Marseilles. To accomplish this, he moved to Washington, where he was unceasingly trying to get the support and influence of various members of Congress. Failing in this, he became anxious for a change of government; and he therefore, according to his own confession, decided to kill the President, that General Arthur might take his place, by the rule of the United States Constitution, as Vice-President Andrew Johnson, in 1865, became President on the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Having made up his mind to perpetrate this diabolical act, Guiteau awaited a favourable opportunity for his sanguinary deed. He did not wait long. On Saturday morning, July 2nd, at about half-past nine o'clock,

President Garfield arrived at the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railway, Washington, from whence he intended to start for Longbranch, New York, a favourite seaside watering place, where he was to spend a fortnights' holiday with his wife.



#### THE ASSASSIN.

Mr. Blaine, the Secretary of State, accompanied him. They alighted from their carriage, which at once drove away, and they entered the waiting room. As the President's carriage drove away, another drove up, and a man with a pale face jumped out, told the driver to wait, and followed the President and Mr. Blaine into the room. This man was the assassin, CHARLES GUITEAU.



The President and Secretary had advanced some little distance into the room, when Guiteau sprung forward and shot the President from behind.

Mr. Blaine, alarmed by the shot, started back a little, while the President, without uttering a word, staggered forward and turned half-round as if to face his assailant.

Guiteau then advanced two steps in a crouching position, and deliberately pointing his weapon at the President, fired another shot into his body. The first shot lodged in the right shoulder, the second in the back of the President, who immediately fell forward on the floor. Mr. Blaine, after making a start after the assassin, stooped down by the side of General Garfield and tried to raise him. The assassin turned round after firing the second shot and ran towards the door. His carriage with the door open, was waiting for him to enter.

Being driven back from one door where a crowd had immediately gathered, he started for the other, intending to run round the corner of the building and enter his carriage that way, but the next moment he was pounced upon by a number of men and secured.

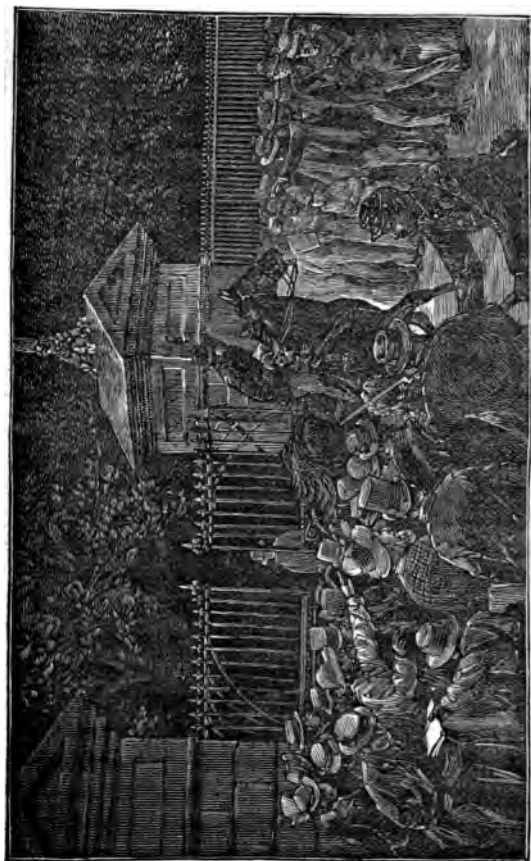
The President was then examined. He lay as he had fallen forward on his face, apparently dead. Assistance was sent for, and the Surgeon General, Dr. Bliss, and Dr. Purvis, a coloured man, were quickly in attendance.

They probed unsuccessfully for the balls, and then ordered him to be removed to his official mansion, known as "The White House."

The illustrious patient soon recovered consciousness, and ordered a telegraphic message to be sent to his wife at Longbranch.

He appeared quite composed, and chatted with Mr.

Blaine, wondering what could have been the motive for



IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

such an attempt upon his life. The doctors from the first let him know the serious nature of his wounds, and

he begged of them not to hide anything from him. When



All powerful souls have kindred with each other.  
*Coleridge.*

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.  
*Addison.*

told that there was little hope of saving him, he remarked,  
“God’s will be done. I am ready to die.”

The various Atlantic Cable and Telegraph companies immediately acquainted the whole civilized world with the



PHYSICIANS TRACING THE BULLET.

sad and startling tidings of what had taken place ; and replies of sympathy and condolence with the wounded

President, his grief-stricken family, and the American people generally, were forthwith despatched from nearly every Monarch, Legislature, and person in authority in Europe, and a common sorrow was experienced everywhere.

President Garfield's splendid constitution and robust frame,—for, as has been stated, he stood over six feet high, and his weight exceeded fifteen stones,—enabled him to make a very prolonged struggle for life. For three months he lingered in an uncertain, painful, and distressing condition. All that medical skill and ingenuity could devise, or that a devoted wife's loving, sympathetic heart and hand could plan, was at his service.

The staff of medical officers who were constantly in attendance availed themselves of every surgical appliance known to the profession that was likely to aid them in their efforts to extract the bullets. They never really discovered the exact position of the second bullet until after the President's death, though they made use of the most delicate piece of scientific mechanism that had ever been devised, in their anxiety to trace the bullet, but without success.

It was during the excessively hot weather that the wounded President laid at the White House, Washington; but when it was found he was gradually wasting away, and they were suspicious that the malaria from the Potomac marshes close by were injurious, and the President himself had expressed a strong desire to be removed to Longbranch, by the sea, in New Jersey, it was decided he should be taken there.

On the 6th of September, he was conveyed to that salubrious resort with every care and attention, and it was hoped he might recover. Up to the close of the week

ending September 18th, there was increasing hope of that result. The wound itself was healing, but the circulation of the blood was fatally disturbed. On Monday night, September 20th, at half-past ten, more suddenly than even the physicians themselves expected, it was seen that the sad end was near. A few minutes before his death he



REMOVAL TO LONGBRANCH.

complained to Colonel Swain, who was in attendance upon him, of a severe pain at his heart. Dr. Bliss was at once summoned, and upon entering the room, saw that the President was dying. Mrs. Garfield who had just retired for the night, was aroused, as well as other members of the family.

They were quickly by the bedside, yet not a murmur was heard from the grief stricken wife or the sorrowful



FIRST TIDINGS OF THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

friends, as the great and good man slowly and peacefully

passed away. As soon as the surgeons pronounced him dead, Mrs. Garfield quietly withdrew to her own room, and telegrams were despatched to the late President's mother, and to his sons, Harry and James, who are now students at Williams' College.

Immediately afterwards, the news was despatched all over the United States, and caused great excitement. Crowds surrounded the bulletin boards in the chief cities, and the newspapers issued midnight editions. The newsboys aroused sleeping people everywhere. The bells of Trinity Church, New York, were tolled at midnight, and in all parts of the States, people left their beds, and rushed to and fro, the excitement being intense. Nor was the feeling in Europe and elsewhere much less excited, for every nation had seemed intent on shewing its sympathy with the afflicted family and nation. Not since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, had an event created so much interest as the assassination of President Garfield, and it will be long ere the feelings of sorrow have passed away.

The President's body was subjected to a medical examination known as autopsy, then embalmed and conveyed to Washington, where for several days it was laid in state in the Capitol, during which time something like a quarter of a million persons took a last look at the wasted form of the murdered President.

Thence it was removed by special train to Cleveland, Ohio, for interment. As the train sped along with its precious freight of the remains of America's most illustrious son, universal were the tokens of sorrow displayed on the route. The muffled bells of churches tolled as the mournful cortege swept past. Stations were draped in



the deepest mourning; here and there the line was strewn with flowers by the loving hands of those whose hearts were bleeding with sorrow, yet reverently yearning to make as soft and easy as possible the journey to the grave. Before the coffin was removed to Cleveland, it was fairly enveloped in wreaths of flowers sent from all parts. But all were removed save one, and that one, if not the most beautiful, was by far the most valuable and precious in the eyes of those vast crowds, for it was the gift of VICTORIA, Queen of England.

It was placed on the head of the coffin in Washington, and remained until the following Monday; when in the presence of an immense concourse of people with bowed heads and weeping eyes, and as the strains of that beautiful hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," floated away from the grave side on the soft autumnal breeze, the remains of this truly noble man were consigned to the tomb bedecked with a royal wreath, which was England's tribute of affection and esteem to

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.



## AT THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.

*September 26, 1881.*

ALL summer long the people knelt  
And listened at the sick man's door:  
Each pang which that pale sufferer felt  
Throbb'd through the land, from shore to shore.

And as the awful hour drew nigh,  
What breathless watching, night and day!  
What tears! what prayers! Great God on high—  
Have we forgotten how to pray?

O broken-hearted, widowed one,  
Forgive us if we press too near!  
Dead is our husband, father, son—  
For we are all one family here.

And thou remember,—though relief  
Come not till thine own day grow dim,—  
That never, in this world of grief,  
Has mortal man been mourned like him.

## EPITAPH.

A man not perfect—but of heart  
So high of such heroic rage,  
That even his hopes became a part  
And parcel of earth's heritage.



## APPENDIX.

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In the foregoing pages we have given a sketch of the life and painful death of one who will live in the memories of most men, and whose name is destined to become a household word in America.

We have briefly noticed the incidents of a more than usually eventful life; for, from the death of Garfield's father when his son was only two years old, through his boyhood, youth, and manhood there were events transpiring which to an ordinary being would have appeared as if happening for the sole purpose of thwarting his intentions in life. Not so, however, in the case of the late President. They but tended to inspire him with courage, and impart energy to his labours. Most plainly do we see in his career the truth of the old Latin proverb : *Nihil sine labore*, for his eventful life was one of the most industrious on record. Whether as a boy working on the farm, driving mules on the canal towing path, sawing wood, studying mathematics and the classics, or as lawyer, tutor, preacher, soldier, senator, or President, his energy knew no idle rest. Nor were his labours purely physical. His mental powers and capacities were of a very high order, and he courageously faced and strove to solve every problem presenting itself to his notice.

His mind, even when a youth, was capable of entertaining great thoughts, and in the following article we discover that even in early life some of the religious problems of the day were being studied by him.

We give it in its entirety, just prefacing it with the statement that this article on the "Necessity of a Future State" was written at the age of 23, when in college, and was published March, 1855, in the *William's Quarterly*, a magazine conducted by the students of William's College, Massachusetts, viz. :—

"To no subject does the human mind address itself with such anxious interest as to that of its own destiny. The ponderous tomes that fill the world's libraries, the numberless dissertations upon man and his surroundings, and even Divine revelation itself, may all be comprehended in these three words: the *whence*, the *what*, and the *whither* of man. Indeed, the two former of these are only preliminary to the last. The soul instinctively inquires, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"Shall spring ever visit the mouldering urn,  
Shall morning e'er dawn on the night of the grave?"

"The far-reaching sagacity of philosophers and the subtle reasonings of metaphysicians have been brought to bear in investigating the philosophy of a future state, and by the analogy of Nature superadded to the testimony of Divine revelation they have laboured to show the rationality of a belief in such a state. Many of these works, though justly admired for their profundity, yet fail of affording to the common mind convincing evidences that life is but the preface to a boundless existence."

"We shall aim in the present article to deduce some evidences of this truth from the conditions and relations of human society."

"It has been truly said that man lives longer at the present day than in any past age. Not in years, for he

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has but a poor inch of time for his earthly inheritance ; but he lives longer in action than ever before. What a world of event is now crowded in threescore years ! Genius has triumphed over the elements of nature, and has almost annihilated time and space, so that the modern school boy of twenty has accomplished more than the antediluvian of half a thousand years. But there is one power that man has failed to overcome. Let his daring genius soar to the heavens, and visit the secret chambers of the thunder's home, and let his hand of power upturn the solid mountains, and level the deep valleys, yet be he lofty or low, he must fall before the hands of the Great Destroyer. The Roman poet has beautifully said—

*“ Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.”*

“ It is a startling fact that nearly two-thirds of the human race never know what it is to live. One half die in infancy, and but a small proportion live out the allotted period. Why is this, we ask ? Are the plans of the Almighty thwarted ? Ask that mother as she bends over the corpse of her child, which lies like a sleeping infant before her,—ask her if Divine goodness gave that precious treasure, only to tantalise her by tearing it so soon from her heart, and her soul will respond, ‘ God is wise and good, and I shall again clasp my child in the land where shadows never darken, and the light never fades.’ ”

“ Perhaps the lovely sister, who stood by our side but a month ago, lies in the earth—a lifeless clod—the blue mould on those sweet lips that so often spoke words of tenderness and affection—and the earth-worm rioting on that heart which so lately beat high with hope and

happiness. And is this all of her? Have the designs of her allwise Creator been fully accomplished."

We see that everything in the three great kingdoms of Nature has a manifest design, and accomplishes the end for which it was created. The earth supports the various forms of vegetable life, which, in their turn, afford sustenance for the countless orders of the animal creation. All these contribute to the maintenance of man, the most dependent of all terrestrial beings. They can attain, each to its own perfection, without the aid of man; but his very existence depends upon them. For what, then, is man designed? Is it that he shall be nourished by the bounties of earth—the weak, helpless being that he is—to bask for a brief hour in the sunlight of existence, catch a glimpse of creation's beauty, feel the unsatisfied longings of that spirit within him for something beyond his reach, and then sink down into that dark oblivion where beats no pulse of life for ever? If this be so, then is life but a bitter mockery, and creation a splendid failure.

Could we, in our day, make the circuit of our globe, and behold the varied conditions of its millions, what a mingled picture would be presented to our view. Yonder is Africa, the mourning garment of the world, lying in sorrowful darkness, and we shed the tear of pity over the oppressed children of Ham that have so long groaned in bondage. We would witness with astonishment the degradation of the myriads that inhabit the vast regions of Asia, and the isles of the sea, and on our homeward journey we would meet on the wild shores of the Pacific the few lone survivors of that dying race that once roamed joyful and free over all the Western world.

And why this difference of condition ? Shall one nation thus drag out a sorrowful existence, crushed and dispirited, while another glories in its downfall, and flourishes by its decay ? If death is the boundary of man's existence, how can the Ruler of nations dispense justice ? But let us take a nearer view. We see one individual born to a life of slavery, and from the first moment of his existence to the hour when he slumbers in the tomb, his soul and body are in servile bondage to his fellow man, upon whom the richest blessings of life have been showered without measure.

Another is the child of poverty, and is destined to toil on, through all his weary pilgrimage, for the bare necessities of life, and with his mind unenlightened by the genial rays of science, and his spirit unblest by an hour of happiness, he drops wearily into the grave, with no friend to shed a tear on the green sod above him ; while another, born to affluence, and surrounded by all that the heart could wish, stands high in the world's esteem, lives honoured and beloved ; and when at the close of a long life he sinks to rest, a nation is his mourner, and the lasting marble commemorates his fame.

Again, a murder has been committed. Lying slander fixes the suspicion upon an innocent man. False witnesses testify against him. The only voice that would proclaim his innocence is hushed in death. The law pronounces his sentence, and he is hurried to a felon's grave, with the maledictions of society resting upon him.

What, then, is the voice of all this testimony ? Does it not proclaim that if a just God rules in the heavens, there must be a state of existence beyond this life, where

these thousand wrongs will be righted, where the claims of injured innocence will be vindicated, the slave be unfettered, and the power of the oppressor broken, the loved and lost be restored, and the designs of Infinite Wisdom accomplished ?





# INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE

OF

GENERAL GARFIELD.

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THERE were so many remarkable incidents in the eventful life of this great man, and only one or two of which we have related in the preceding memoir, that we feel our sketch would be incomplete were we to omit relating several others that have recently been published.

Much has been written about our hero, since the time of his election, assassination, and death, but a more faithful estimate of General Garfield's character as a truly great and noble man destined by the very force of his character and abilities to become one of the foremost men of the world, will, it is thought be gained, by recording striking events and incidents in his career. It is said that he always enforced on his pupils the importance of punctuality in all the concerns of life, together with decision and force of character.

The following illustrates how promptly and energetically he was wont to act at times when to have done otherwise might have had serious results.

On the day when the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to leave camp for the seat of war, he made a *mistake in the hour of departure*. On his arrival at the

railway station, or depot as the Americans call them, he found that the train had been gone about five minutes. Addressing the station-master Garfield said "I was never behind time before in my life, and I will not be now," and he chartered an engine, was off in a few moments, and overtook his regiment in less than an hour.

#### HOW HE DRILLED HIS TROOPS.

When he went into camp to drill his regiment before joining the army, his thoroughness and systematic way of doing things, as well as his tact and use of carpenter's tools, came into immediate use. He was ignorant of military tactics, and so he sat down first to the task of instructing himself before he undertook the instruction of his regiment. Bringing his saw and jack plane again into play, he fashioned companies and officers out of maple blocks, and with these wooden-headed troops thoroughly mastered the infantry tactics in his quarters. Then he organised a school for all the officers of his regiment, requiring thorough recitation in the tactics, and illustrating the manœuvres by the blocks he had prepared for his own instruction.

This done, he instituted regimental, company, squad, skirmish, and bayonet drill, and kept his men at these exercises from six to eight hours a day, until it was universally admitted that no better drilled or disciplined regiment could be found in Ohio.

#### A TRUSTY MESSENGER.

When Colonel Garfield and his regiment reached the scene of war, the first thing he had to do was to communicate with a Colonel Cranor, and form, if possible, a junction with the latter's forces.

It being necessary to have a trusty messenger to convey the despatch, Garfield applied to Colonel Moore who commanded the fourteenth Kentucky regiment.

"Have you a man who will die rather than betray us?" asked Garfield.

"Yes!" replied Moore "there is one called John Jordan."

This man was called. He was a strong looking fellow, tall and lean, with a squeaking voice, his speech being the uncouth dialect of the mountains where he was born and reared, subject to the hardest toil of privation.

Though little to recommend him in his appearance, Garfield saw at a glance he was a rude, uncouth, trusty man. The Colonel after looking at him said, "Why did you come into the war?"

"To do my sheer for the Kentry, gin'ral," replied the man. "And I didn't drive no bargain with the Lord. I gav' Him my life squar' out; and if He's a mind to tak' it on this tramp, why its all His'n; I've nothin' to say ag'in it."

"You mean that you're come into the war not expecting to get out of it?"

"That's so, gin'ral."

Will you die rather than let this despatch be taken?"

"I will."

"Very well; I will trust you."

Colonel Garfield wrote his despatch on tissue paper, rolled it into the form of a bullet, coated it with warm lead, and delivered it to Jordan. At the same time he provided him with a carbine, a brace of revolvers, and the fleetest horse in the regiment. Jordan started on his *perilous* journey at night, after the moon was down. He

was to ride by night, and hide in the woods, or rest with friendly people, if they could be found, by day.

A few nights afterwards, as Garfield was lying fast asleep about midnight, Jordan came riding into camp from his dangerous trip. Alighting from his foaming steed, he rushed into his commander's quarters and shook him until he awoke.

"What! safe back?" exclaimed Garfield, as soon as he recognised Jordan. "Have you seen Colonel Cranor?"

"Yes, Colonel: he can't be more than two days behind me, no how."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us great service," said Garfield warmly.

"I thank ye, Colonel, answered Jordan, his voice trembling; that's more pay than I expected."

He had returned safely; but the Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way back; for, as he expressed it, "The Lord He cared more for the despatch nor he cared for me; and it was nat'ral He should; 'cause my life only counts one, but the despatch—it stood for all Kentucky."

The *Atlantic Monthly*, of October, 1865, gave a detailed account of Jordan's adventurous journey, and it concluded by stating that Jordan then laid in some quiet grave-yard dead. Two years afterwards, however, he turned up, and wrote General Garfield that he was dead only on paper, and that he still had a life to give to his country.

#### GARFIELD'S FAMOUS RIDE.

Garfield's tact, sagacity, fidelity, spirit of self-sacrifice, and undaunted courage, so conspicuous in his early life, are illustrated by his famous ride from General

Rosencranz to General Thomas, when the army of the Cumberland was almost routed in the famous battles of Chickamauga. It was necessary for General Thomas to know the disaster that had befallen Rosencranz' forces, in order to meet the rebel General Longstreet victoriously. Garfield proposed to undertake the fearful ride.

Edmund Kirk, war correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, described it as follows :—

Rosencranz hesitates, then says, 'As you will, General;' and then, reaching Garfield his hand, he adds, while his face shews his emotion, 'We may not meet again; good bye; God bless you!'

Though one of the bravest men and ablest soldiers that ever lived, Rosencranz has a heart as tender and gentle as a woman's.

He thinks Garfield is going to well nigh certain death, and he loves him as David loved Jonathan. Again he wrings his hand, and then they part; Rosencranz to the rear, to rally round his broken troops, Garfield to a perilous ride in pursuit of Thomas.

Captain Gane and two of his orderlies go with Garfield to guide the way. They make a wide detour to avoid the Confederates, and, by the route they take, it is eight miles of tangled forest, and open road before they get to Thomas, and at any turn they may come upon the enemy.

At Rossville they take the Lafayette Road, guiding their way by the sound of the firing, and moving cautiously, for they are now nearing the battle field.

The road here is scarcely more than a lane, flanked on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by an open cotton field. No troops are in sight, and on they gallop

at a rapid pace ; and they have left Rossville a thousand yards behind, when suddenly, from along the left of the road, a volley of a thousand Minie balls falls among them, thick as hail, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies on the ground lifeless.

They have ridden into an ambuscade of a large body of Longstreet's skirmishers and sharp shooters, who, entering the fatal gap in the right centre, have pressed thus far upon the flank of Thomas.

Garfield is mounted on a magnificent horse, that knows his rider's bridle-hand as well as he knows the route to his fodder. Putting spurs to his side, he leaps into the cotton field.

The opposite fence is lined with grey blouses, and a single glance tells him that they are loading for another volley. He has been in tight places before, but this is the tightest. Putting his lips firmly together, he says to himself ' Now is your time ; be a man, Jim Garfield ! ' He speaks to his horse, and lays his left hand quietly on the rein of the animal.

The trained beast yields kindly to his touch ; and, putting the rowels into his side, Garfield takes a zigzag course across the cotton field. It is his only chance ; he must tack from side to side, for he is a dead man if they get a steady aim upon him.

He is riding up an inclined plane of about four hundred yards, and if he can pass the crest he is in safety.

But the grey fellows can load and fire twice before he reaches the summit, and his death is a thing certain, unless Providence has more work for him to do on this footstool. Up the hill he goes tacking, when another volley bellows from out the timber.

His horse is struck,—a flesh wound,—but the noble animal only leaps forward the faster. Scattering bullets whiz by his head, but he is within a few feet of the summit. Another volley echoes along the hill when he is half over the crest, but in a moment more he is in safety. As he tears down the slope, a small body of mounted blue-coats gallop forward to meet him. At their head is General Dan McCook, his face anxious and pallid. ‘My God, Garfield!’ he cries, ‘I thought you were killed, certain. How you have escaped is a miracle.’

Garfield’s horse has been struck twice, but he is good yet for a score miles, and at a breakneck pace they go forward, through ploughed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for four weary miles, till they reach a wooded crest, and are within sight of Thomas.

In a slight depression of the ground, with a group of officers about him, he stands in the open field, while over him sweeps the storm of shotted fire that falls in thick rain on the high foot-hill which Garfield is crossing.

Shot and shell and canister plough up the ground all about Garfield; but in the midst of it he halts, and with uplifted right arm, and eyes full of tears, he shouts as he catches sight of Thomas, “There he is! God bless the old hero! he has saved the army!”

For a moment only he halts, then he plunges down the hill through the fiery storm, and in five minutes is by the side of Thomas. He has come out unscathed from the hurricane of death, for God’s good angels have warded off the bullets; but his noble horse staggers a step or two, and then falls dead at the feet of Thomas.

Garfield’s terrible ride saved the army from disaster.

A typical instance of Garfield's life-long independence in standing for the right, befriending the down-trodden, and assailing slavery, was his refusal to return a fugitive slave. One of his staff officers has told the story thus :—

One day I noticed a fugitive slave come running into camp with a bloody head, and apparently almost frightened to death. He had only passed my tent a moment, when a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his 'nigger.' General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. This division commander was a sympathiser with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made the instruments for returning them.

He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the slave was supposed to be hiding, telling him to send out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen. I stated the case as fully as I could to General Garfield before handing him the order, but did not colour my statement in any way. He took the order, and deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement :— 'I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search.'

I read the indorsement and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would be that the General would be court-martialled. I told him my fears. He simply replied :— 'The matter may as well be tested



first as hunt. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people, on the Western Reserve of Ohio, did not send my boys and myself down here to do business of that kind, and they will back me up in my action.'

He would not alter the indorsement, and the order was returned. Nothing ever came of the matter further.

#### CONSCIENCE RATHER THAN A CONSTITUENCY.

Another typical instance of Garfield's fearlessness and independence, we find in a few words he addressed on one occasion to a convention of delegates.

He had been called upon to offer some explanation of his opposition to President Lincoln, who, in 1864, vetoed a bill providing for the organization of civil governments in the States of Arkansas and Louisiana, and appointed military governors. His constituents disapproved of Garfield's action and decided not to re-nominate him. At the convention, he ascended the platform, and having given the reasons for his actions, he added :—"I have nothing whatever to retract, and I cannot change my honest convictions for the sake of a seat in Congress."

"I have great respect for the opinions of my constituents, but greater regard for my own conscience. If I can serve you as an independent representative, acting upon my own judgment and convictions, I would be glad to do so ; but if not, I do not want your nomination ; I would prefer to be an independent citizen."

As soon as he had finished this cool, plain, and fearless speech, Garfield left the hall.

Before he reached his hotel, he had heard that the

convention had nominated him again amidst crowds of applause at his independence.

In the year 1868, after an European tour, it was decided by his constituents to give him a public reception. They charged him, however to make no allusion in his speech to the subject of payment of the national debt in greenbacks instead of honest gold. Many people were going wild at the proposal, but it was well known that Garfield was opposed to the scheme.

At the beginning of his speech he launched into this exciting subject, and said :—

“ Much as I value your opinions, I here denounce this theory that has worked its way into this State as dishonest, unwise, and unpatriotic ; and if I were offered a nomination and election for my natural life ; from this district, on this platform, I should spurn it. If you should ever raise the question of re-nominating me, let it be understood you can have my services only on the ground of the honest payment of this debt and these bonds in coin, according to the letter and spirit of the contract.”

#### A PHILIPPIC AGAINST A TRAITOR.

A few months after Garfield entered Congress, Alexander Long, Democratic member of the House from Ohio, in sympathy with the authors of the rebellion rose in his seat, and proposed to recognise the Southern confederacy— which recognition would have been the continuance of slavery. This treasonable act caused Garfield's patriotic blood to boil in his veins, and he sprang to his feet and delivered one of the most powerful philippics ever heard in the American Congress. Calling attention to the

traitor of the American Revolution,—Benedict Arnold,—he said,—“But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold, and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flags, its genius and its honour, now and for ever, to the accursed traitors to our country! And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State, it comes from a citizen of the time-honoured and loyal commonwealth of Ohio!”

“I implore you, brethern in this House, to believe that not many births ever gave pang to my mother State such as she suffered when that traitor was born!”

“I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that State another such a growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God’s day.”



HIS SENTIMENTS AND MAXIMS.

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From the foregoing incidents and various extracts from speeches, it is easy to realize how eventful was Garfield's life, and powerful his speech. His was a character any nation might be proud of in a citizen.

In our efforts to give in concise form the striking characteristics of a singularly noble and successful life, our aim has been to interest our readers generally, and encourage young men especially, by setting before them a noble ideal which it were creditable to any one striving to attain by industry, perseverance, and honest hard work ; for Garfield's life was everything included in the meaning of the above words, yet he attained the very highest eminence among his countrymen, and became a kingamong men.

We close our little book with some of his wise sentiments and maxims, a collection of which has recently been published, and is worthy of every youth's consideration :—

\*

“ There is no more common thought among young people, than the foolish one, that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen ; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.”

\*

“ There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have gradu-

ated in our own and the Universities of Europe with high honours, and yet who could not harness a horse, or make out a bill of sale, if the world depended upon it."

\*

"Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

\*

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

\*

"Nothing is more uncertain than the result of any one throwing few things, more certain than the result of many throws."

\*

"Not a man of iron, but of live oak."

\*

"It is no honour or profit merely to appear in the arena. The wreath is for those who contend."

\*

"The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege, and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man, in middle life, is a greater."

\*

"Present evils always seem greater than those that never come."

\*

"Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself."

\*

"Poets may be born, but success is made."

\*

"Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all."

\*

"The principles of ethics have not changed by the lapse of years."

\*

"The possession of great powers no doubt carries with it a contempt for mere external show."

\*

"That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education."

\*

"The student should study himself, his relation to society, to nature, and to art, and above all, in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature, and art to God, the Author of them all."

\*

"Truth is so related and correlated that no department of her realm is wholly isolated."

\*

"I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

\*

"Ideas are the greatest warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality."

\*

"It is a fearful thing for one man to stand up in the face of his brother man and refuse to keep his pledge; but it is a forty-five million times worse thing for a nation to do it. It breaks the mainspring of faith."

\*

"The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world."

\*

"It was not one man who killed Abraham Lincoln ; it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy."

\*

"When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honour through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr president to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men."

\*

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

\*

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify ; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."

\*

"If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it."

\*

"We cannot study nature profoundly without bringing ourselves into communion with the spirit of art, which pervades and fills the universe."

\*

"If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind  
admire better than another it is a brave man—

it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil."

\*

"It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought."

\*

"Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture."

\*

"It has been fortunate that most of our greatest men have left no descendants to shine in the borrowed lustre of a great name."

\*

"An uncertain currency, that goes up and down, hits the labourer, and hits him hard. It helps him last and hurts him first."

\*

"We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance."

\*

"The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea."

\*

"In their struggle with the forces of nature, the ability to labour was the richest patrimony of the colonists."

\*

"Coercion is the basis of every law in the universe—human or divine. A law is no law without coercion behind it."

\*

"For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict."

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IN A LETTER DATED 1942, THE UNITED STATES

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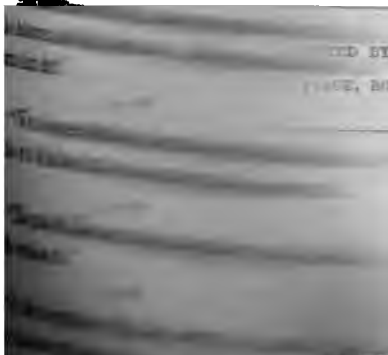
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"We hold re-unions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but for ever and for evermore we need them."

\*

"Throughout the whole web of national existence we trace the golden thread of human progress toward a higher and better estate."

\*

"Heroes did not make our liberties, but they reflected and illustrated them."

\*

"The life and light of a nation are inseparable."

\*

"After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwells its hope of immortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destruction."

\*

"It matters little what may be the forms of national institutions if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured."

\*

"Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger—is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education."

\*

"The germ of our political institutions, the primary cell from which they were evolved, was in the New Eng-

land town, and the vital force, the informing soul of the town was the town meeting, which for all local concerns, was King, Lords, and Commons in all."

\*

"It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals."

\*

"Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing."

\*

"If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it."

\*

"Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight."

\*

"Greek is perhaps the most perfect instrument of thought ever invented by man, and its literature has never been equalled in purity of style and boldness of expression."

\*

"Great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

\*

"What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind."

\*

"History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy."

\*

"The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring men, cannon, and dying men, yet to the christian, philosopher, and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come."

\*

"Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day."

\*

"Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education."

\*  
\*

"Parties have an organic life and spirit of their own, an individuality and character which outlive the men who compose them ; and the spirit and traditions of a party should be considered in determining their fitness for managing the affairs of the nation."

FINIS.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

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